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OF RELIGION

The Sunday School Lesson in the Business of Living

Provided by the Board on Christian Education—Edited by Percy M. Thomas

Fo March 7--Bible Teachings Against Drunkenness

(John 10:1-5; 11-16; 27-30)

WHAT WE LOSE IF WE DRINK

It is good for us to forget, at times, our life-long training in regard to temperance, and search out the fundamental reasons for avoiding the evils of intemperance. Let us approach the subject as though we all came from homes in which liquor flowed freely; where intoxication was common-place; where morality and drinking had nothing whatever to do with each other.

From the standpoint of military patriotism, drunkenness unfits any army. History is filled with instances of victories reversed and armies destroyed because of their drinking. All American school children have heard of the battle of Trenton. George Washington may have routed the Hessians, but he had a mighty ally in John Barleycorn. Has the present catering to the liquor interests by the military authorities of both Great Britain and America increased the military efficiency of our armed forces? It is worthy of note that General Montgomery, who had driven Rommel across Italian Africa, is a teetotaler.

How Far Can We Safely Go?

Granting, for the sake of argument, that not everyone who drinks may become physically, mentally or morally depraved, no one can possibly escape the fact that some people do lose their mental and moral strength because of alcoholic indulgence. We do not condition an athletic team on alcohol; shall we initiate the proceedings of the peace council which must follow this devastating war with a hearty round of drinks? Will that give our diplomats and statesmen sound minds, or will it give us another Versailles?

Finally, does it increase family love and devotion for a boy to see his mother "reel with wine" or a husband's loyalty when his wife is "swallowed up of wine and stumbling in judgment." Does overindulgence lead to our higher or lower natures? Does the joy that comes from drinking more than compensate for the ills involved? And just how much does it take to make a person drunk? Four glasses? Then is a person who has had half a glass one eight drunk? Or is he entirely sober? Just where should a temperate man stop?

* * * *

To make alcohol, fruit is crushed or grain is soaked in water to which yeast organisms have been added. These little organisms begin to feed on the sugary product in the fruit or grain. When the molecules of food enter the body of the organisms they are digested which means of course that they are broken up into two products, the organisms living on the energy that is released from the food when it is broken up.

The two products are a liquid and a gas. The liquid is ethyl alcohol and the gas is carbon dioxide. Both the alcohol and the gas are expelled from the bodies of the yeast organisms into the surrounding watery mixture.

It is important to remember, therefore, that the alcohol in any alcoholic beverage originated in the digestive process of these tiny living organisms and, revolting as the thought may be to the one who drinks such a beverage, the fact is that it contains the excrescence and the dead bodies of these tiny organisms.

For March 14--The Secret of Greatness

(John 13:14)

PERSONAL VERSUS HIRED SERVICE

We could spend much time here arguing the question of ritual. Should the church practice "foot washing" as well as water baptism or bread and wine communion?

Jesus, however, was much more concerned, it seems to us, in something far more significant—the attitude of people toward others.

The master had much to say about people who desired the best seats, who prayed, long and loud, but he also had much to say about service.

John brought to us the idea that God was a God of love. That love was, however, not a cold statement. God so loved that he gave his only begotten son. Why did he not send one of the angels to represent him among men? Because love serves. God wanted men to have the personal touch so he sent his son, Jesus, as a babe to be fondled by a human mother, to be a lad among the village children, to make, at the carpenter's bench, instruments for daily use, to gather about him men whom the world would call ordinary, that through them he might speak to and live among the masses of people. He washed his diciples' feet as an example of service, a service menials were supposed to render. Jesus thus revealed to them the fact that any service, however seemingly menial, was divine if it promoted the welfare of others.

Jesus' entire life was given to service, to healing, teaching and living the abundant life which he came to give to others. In all this he demonstrated to the world the fact that greatness is based in service, usefulness and the surrender value of life as well as material things.

This idea of service as the basis of greatness is well illustrated in the material world. On the farm or in the garden may be found those plants and seeds which but serve human and animal life. How carefully, through the centuries man has preserved these plants and grains and how many millions have been spent in recent years in attempts to improve them that they may be of even greater use. The same is true of our domesticated animals. They are in our pastures or stalls, or are pets in our homes, because of the service they can render. Too seldom do we realize that we care for them for a brief while so that in the end they may give their lives—plants, grains, animals—that we may live.

The same in a greater sense, is true among men. While we live in a world where self seeking is so apparent we know, when we pause to think, that that life—yes human life—is the greatest which renders to others the greatest service.

What would life be worth without friends. It is said solitary confinement is the most efficient method of breaking a life—body, mind and soul. Doctors and social workers, we are told, have found that babies in foundling homes are less apt to survive than others because of the lack, not of scientific care, but of love. Babies to develop properly must have a certain amount of fondling by those who love them. There seems to be a mystical something which flows from those who so love that supports even physical life.

In spiritual affairs the same principle operates. One may find God out in the open spaces—in the woods, glens and by lake sides—but there is no such worship as that which is found where two or more worship together in fellowship with each other and with God.

Beware of regarding your own views on any subject as the opinions of the Almighty. We are all much given to it. JOHN PALMER GAVIT in *Survey Graphic.*

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Inflated Words

ONE evening, during a period when I was temporarily responsible for the Moscow office of the English and American Friends Famine Relief Mission in Russia, I found I was four million short in my accounts. What an opportunity for a scandal in Quaker relief circles. After some diligent thinking I recalled that early that morning I had paid a cab fare for one of our interpreters. There were the missing millions—one American dollar.

Prior to that first world war four million roubles would buy two million American dollars. In those days people in Europe, especially in Germany, suffered from inflation, or to use a better term, depreciated currency. Money was exchanged as soon as possible for something more reliable.

Is There Such a Thing as Inflated Words?

Back in the Old Testament somewhere is a statement that by the water-courses of Reuben there were great resolves of heart but the people did not come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Perhaps those Reubenites had held a conference, during which they had discoursed long and eloquently about the desirability of freeing their country from the enemy. The great orators of the tribe were there and because of the nature of the cause they had held forth at great length on past accomplishments and what they could yet do. Stirring resolutions had been passed just before the delegates went home. It was the best conference the tribe had held for a long time. The attendance was good and interest was at fever heat. At home the returning delegates made glowing reports. They told how the great speech of this or that one had stirred their hearts.

But the final comment of the historian was that the Reubenites sat by their sheepfolds listening to the pipings for the flocks, and they did not go up to the help of the Lord. Those millions of words were full of promise but brought no freedom.

Just now there is much "window dressing" for the apparent purpose of demonstrating a super patriotism. Many people who display the flag and other symbols of nationalism so conspiciously are doing more than that of course, but the temptation to profit financially, socially and, or, politically is great. Judging from what happened in the last war there are too many who are more interested in other things than the four freedoms. The forces of righteousness will need to watch with extra care else freedom will be sold for a car load of inflated nationalism.

This month has presented an opportunity for white men to do more than orate about the evils of race and color. This question is becoming constantly more serious. A recent headline announced "Color the Unfinished Business of Democracy," and such it certainly is.

Had Japan, in true friendship, cultivated the good will and confidence of the vast millions of the orient, pointing out the many evidences of white dominance and arrogance, she might have been the leader of those millions of dark skinned people. China may yet do it. The white race must sooner or later realize that the inflated ego of the "pale face" will not purchase him indefinite immunity from the reaction of the disillusioned oriental. The colored peoples constitute the vast majority, and those, whom we whites once considered heathen and inferior, are coming rapidly to the front—or are we just awakening to the fact that they have been and are a great people.

We may well hope and pray that the words spoken on the race and color questions, and the exchange of pulpits between white and colored ministers this month, during Brotherhood Week, will buy real friendship at full value the rest of the year.

One of the most discouraging phases of church work results from the failure of very vocal church people to throw coin on the counter of every day business that rings true. Jesus had much to say about those who loved the first seats, made broad their phylacteries, prayed on street corners, and in the temple told God how much better they were than other men. He warned his disciples that unless their righteousness exceeded the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees they would not even see the kingdom of God.

It would be difficult to say whether the pulpit, press or radio is a greater sinner, in this matter of the use of inflated words, than the average person in everyday conversation, but sin there certainly is and we are suffering from loss of confidence in things said and written.

The one time expectation that the *word* of a Friend was as good as his written bond was based on the fact of deeds done, not inflated words. Friends and the world today are sadly in need of a whole hearted following of the admonition of Jesus "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

How to be Abased and How to Abound

By Lindley J. Cook

" . . . I have learned how to be contented with the condition I am in. I know how to live humbly and I know how to enjoy plenty. . . . I can do anything through Him who gives me strength."—Philippians 4:11-12 (Goodspeed translation.)

WE live in a changing world. Someone has said that the only permanent thing in life is the fact of change. We see paradoxes on all sides—a land of abundance with people starving, science which benefits man and destroys him, shifting political loyalties which lead us to curse a nation one day and sing its praises the next, and a Christian civilization which turns out to be half pagan. Our world is topsy-turvy.

Paul lived in a similar atmosphere. He knew the experience of being worshiped and of being cast out of cities half dead. He enjoyed the freedom of Roman citizenship and felt the confinement of prison walls. He was sometimes hungry and othertimes filled. He could truly and sincerely say he knew how to be abased and how to abound. The thing that makes Paul live for us today is the way he met those paradoxical experiences of life. The example, the teaching and the spirit of Christ held him steady: he could be content with any situation and rejoice in Christ Jesus.

The average person in America thinks of *abounding* in terms of fat bank accounts and business prestige. Our ideas of greatness have been based on the Cinderella theme — sudden transformations from obscurity to outstanding success. A certain critic of American literature tells us that this Cinderella theme is a "sub-artist" theme which runs through our fiction and our stage. We do not care for a novel unless the hero soars from obscurity to almost miraculous success. On the stage and at the movies we expect the theme to be humorous or eminently successful. We shrink from portrayals of life as it is—both comedy and tragedy. We have to turn back to Dickens and Shakespeare to escape the Cinderella theme and see life portrayed as it is with all its shades of success and tragedy.

This short-cut to success philosophy of life too often bobs up in our religious thought. People come to church expecting sudden transformations from lives of materialism and sin into the Christian life. They go away disappointed when they find that it takes a long time to truly understand the mysteries of the mind and spirit of Christ. Too often the Cinderella theme leads us into Pharisaism. Confidence that comes from temporary success in business or in religious feeling leads to arrogance and a superiority attitude. Our own achievements obscure the straight and narrow way that leads laboriously into a deeper appreciation of Christianity. Jesus' figure of the Pharisee praying in the temple comes to us again—"Father, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

Our abounding in this twentieth century too often reflects the Pharisee of Jesus' day. He is honest. He stands well in the community. He may be the pillar of the church. He is successful in business. He is patriotic. But there is something lacking. He does not have the Christian qualities of humility, mercy, compassion, love. We hear Jesus commending the poor sinner praying in an inconspicuous corner of the temple because he had an approachable spirit. When we find honesty, integrity, loyalty to duty, and respectability linked with humility, mercy, compassion, and love we have a saint in our midst.

Let us think for a moment of being abased. There come in the lives of all of us those hours when life is hard—when our dreams are dashed, when our bubble of self-confidence and superiority is punctured. We are deflated both physically and spiritually. Then comes the real test of our Christianity. Can we be abased and still go on? Can we be abased and still face the world courageously and with sympathy and mercy and love in our hearts? We are losing relatives and friends in this war. Can we experience grief in its many forms without bitterness? We all have pain to bear in our bodies sometime in life. Can we bear pain without crankiness and growling and despair? There come experiences of failure to all of us—times when our best laid plans do not work out, or when we are frustrated by those who differ from us. Can we meet failure without slipping into a state of uselessness? So often when we compare our lives with those beside us we see our limitations. Our talents are not the same as those of other people. Can we face our limitations without envy and carping?

The answer to these questions will depend on our standards of success and on our sources of power. If our idea of the abundant life is that of a fat bank account and a flourishing business we are apt to fall in our times of abasement. If we base success on service in building the Kingdom of God in the hearts of people then we will be able to meet grief and pain and failure and limitations with steadiness of life knowing we are fulfilling God's plan which transcends the momentary standards of success of the world.

Paul had discovered a spirit of steadiness in fellowship with Christ which kept him humble in times of abounding and which buoyed him up in his times of abasement. We can find that same spirit today. Paul found the peace of God which passeth all understanding. It gives poise and grace and steadiness to our lives.

Christianity gives to us a sense of ethical discrimination by which we are enabled to select that which is good and eliminate that which is dangerous and false. God has revealed to us many laws of science but he leaves to us the choice of how we will use them. Worldly selfishness uses these laws to destroy human life in a hideous war and to starve helpless people. Christian conscience leads us to use these same laws to feed the starving peoples of Greece and to agitate for the feeding of the others starving in Europe. God gives to us the ability to make friends. We may selfishly use our friendships for our own ends, but our Christian conscience will lead us to use them to make life beautiful and noble. We may selfishly use our intellects to gain mastery over our fellow men, but Christianity will lead us to choose the path of service to our brothers throughout the world. In our times of abounding we will choose the path of humility: in our times of abasement we will choose the path of service and forget our temporary distress as we enter into the eternal joy of helpfulness to others.

Christianity gives us a sense of world community which casts from our hearts the smallness of narrow isolation. No human enterprise can longer be great without this. Study the Lord's Prayer carefully. Jesus did not teach us to pray, "My Father," but rather, "Our Father," not my daily bread, but rather, "Our daily bread;" not my debts, but rather "Forgive our debts." Jesus taught that God is the Father of all humanity and is not partial to any one race. He gives daily bread to all alike. We all share a corporate responsibility for the sin and misery of the world. This sense of world community and Christian brotherhood makes us humble in our periods of abounding and gives us a great faith that carries us over our times of abasement.

Christianity ignites a new light within our souls which guides us with a steady beam through joy and sorrow, through abounding and abasement. Dr. Fred Eastman of Chicago Theological

Seminary tells the story of an Italian lad who came to his attention some time ago. He lived in a poor and disorganized section of the city. He was discouraged and did not know how to use his leisure time. His pastor came to Dr. Eastman for advice. The suggestion was acted upon that he give to this boy a copy of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Having read the story of that lovely Christian who renounced wealth and lived among the poor of Europe the lad's imagination was fired. A new light was kindled within him. In his spare time he painted a panel depicting a certain period of the life of the saint. It came to the attention of an art school. Today that boy is teaching art and handcraft to other under-privileged young people of his section of the city—because a new light was kindled within his soul by the spirit of a Christian saint. His sense of abasement has vanished before the spirit of Christian service.

In our topsy-turvy world, with its false sense of values and its shifting loyalties, with its times of abounding and of abasement may we learn to walk with the Master. May we find the peace that passes all understanding. May we find that sense of discrimination which leads us into right choices—a highly sensitive Christian conscience. May we feel the tug of world brotherhood that comes from a sense of world community and sweeps away narrow selfishness. May Christ kindle a new light in our souls that will lead us steadily forward in the service of man and God regardless of shifting temporal circumstances of life.

The Great Light

By Wilbur W. Kamp

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."—Isaiah 9:2—Matthew 4:16.

ONE could go on citing references to this truth from the journals of George Fox and John Woolman and from all the great leaders of the Church of Christ. All the saints who have walked in darkness have seen a great light because God does not leave his children alone. That is one of the great spiritual facts of the universe. We disobey God, and deny Him and walk or sit in darkness. But though we make our bed in hell, He is there. "Light shineth in darkness"—yea, always; and one could add, only. What I am trying to suggest is that sometimes we must recognize that there are periods of darkness in history. Only when it is dark do we recognize that the light is shining.

"The people walked in darkness." What was the darkness Isaiah referred to? It was the despair caused by the ravages of the Assyrians; war, famine, massacre, slavery. Out of this darkness the prophet saw a great light. The light he saw was a vision of a new day, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given. And he shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." God shall send a deliverer of whose peace there shall be no end.

But there were certain things which conditioned the coming of the promised light of a new day. The prophets were united in the understanding and expression of what this condition was. It was repentence, a return to God, not in ceremony and in lip service but in righteousness and justice. The darkness had come because they had forsaken the way of the Lord. Selfishness had been rampant. The rich were eager to "lay field to field," to corner the wheat market, to "Sell the needy for a pair of shoes." The result was a conditioning of circumstances that laid them wide open to a great disaster—the coming of the Assyrian. In the midst of this, Isaiah never tried of saying that God had made this world in such a way that it will go only according to His laws, and if it will not go that way, it will not go any other way in peace. "Repent," chorused the prophets, "Let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream." And then what? A new day! Behold, "The people that walked in darkness shall see a great light."

"The people that sat in darkness." What was the darkness in Jesus' day which made Matthew quote Isaiah? It was the darkness caused by the ravages of Herod and the spiritual darkness of the people who supported him. Intrigue, murder, cruelty, oppression, immorality—all this in high places. Oppression, want, cruelty, injustice—all this in low places. Jesus saw it all clearly. He saw the results in war, famine, poverty and in excesses of all kinds. And what did Jesus do? We read, "From that time began Jesus to preach and to say, The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and light shone in darkness.

It would seem that to Jesus the way to dispel the darkness was to inaugurate the reign of God in the life of the individual and in the social order. And this became the pivotal point of all our Lord's preaching; the reign of God is at hand.

But Jesus, like the prophets realized that the light of a new day, embodied in the Kingdom of Heaven, was conditioned by two things, namely, repentence and faith. The reign of God is at hand, repent and believe this good news."

Today, the whole world sits in darkness. The dark cloud of war is showering death on every continent. The world has been in this darkness before, but never have the shadows so penetrated our homes and the lives of our children as in this total war. Can it be said of us, "they that sat in darkness have seen a great light?"

Many have not been able to see any light at all. A few have seen it faintly, as if very far away. The *Christian Advocate* asked Vice-President Wallace if there were signs that such problems as economic and political imperialism, racial antipathies and hatred, and vengenance were being overcome, and he replied, "The signs, I am sorry to say all point in the wrong direction." It is difficult to see any light from God. There are false lights aplenty which seem to blur the more distant light of God. There is the light of "An American Century," as interpreted by the Luce-Tompson-McCormick group. It says, "The military power of the United States, which is now beginning to make itself manifest in many parts of the world, is destined to be the determining factor in the organization of the post-war world. This is the American Century." But only the rich and the privileged thrill over new opportunities for imperialism and exploitation by United States capital. It is a false light which holds no hope for a darkened world. They who sit in darkness will do much better to look farther to the true light, the rule of God. One can be sure it is not the same as the rule of international bankers.

Today, as of old, two things would clear the atmosphere and help us to see the light God would send us. They are repentence and an expectant faith.

Repentence! We have much to repent for. We forget how long before this war began some of the leading statesmen and Christian ministers were warning us that if we (England, France and the United States) continued our policies of political repression and economic domination which followed world war I, this darkness now on us would surely come. We have consistently refused to repent, to turn about, and now our sins have returned to plague us. Now that we are in a war we have become primitive and barbaric and see only the need for the other side to repent. George Woodbury, an archeologist and member of Friends, once told a group of people that in every ancient language, the words "we" and "good" are identical, as are likewise, the words "they" and "bad." We have been so schooled by propaganda that we have become primitive in our thinking and made these

words identical. Thus we are hiding from ourselves the one thing necessary to salvation, namely the need for repentence. Hence, feeling no need for repentence, revenge becomes the cry of the heart. Then William L. Shirer and others with their suggestions for punishment, reprisal and extermination, add to the confusion and dimness and remoteness of the light. Certain it is that we shall never see the light of salvation until the vision of the human race has been clarified by repentence. Perhaps we must suffer much more to clear our vision.

The second thing that would help us to see the light is an expectant faith in the coming of the Kingdom of God, the reign of God in the individual and in the social order. Our lack of faith is due in part to the deadening effect of an unrepentent spirit. To such a spirit the Kingdom of God is here, not "at hand." There is a difference. In the first instance there is a sense of self righteousness, "we" are the "good," a smug satisfaction with things as they are. In the second case there is a deep feeling of dissatisfaction with the present state of things and a longing for God's rule, soon to be realized. We need an expectant faith. But still, some of us do not have this faith, and that makes the light seem remote and dim.

George Fox met just such a low spiritual condition among his followers, when in 1670 the persecution of the Quakers was at its height. He wrote to his friends as follows, "Do not think that anything will outlast the Truth. For the Truth standeth sure: and is over that which is not of Truth. For the good will overcome the evil; the light, darkness; the life, death; virtue, vice and righteousness, unrighteousness. . . . So be faithful, and live in that which doth not think the time long."

Perhaps this expectant faith is the second great need of the soul. If we should live in it, would we not be in the same spirit as the one who said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, repent ye and believe the Gospel." Then the people who walk in darkness will see the great light.

Paul Doran—He Saves Soil to Save Souls

By Ralph A. Felton

TWENTY-SIX years ago, a young preacher, Paul Doran, went to a rural parish on Calfkiller River in White County, Tenn. Twenty-eight different pastors had served here during the previous twenty-five years. Each one left as soon as he could get away. It was a parish with many unsolved problems. The ministers had to learn or leave. They left. But Doran has been here twenty-six years and hopes to stay much longer.

When he came he found weak churches, poor farms, low-grade schools, and a discouraged people. The timber had been cut off and sold. The hillsides had been plowed. Cover crops were not grown. The topsoil was soon washed away, leaving only the bare hillsides and deep gullies. As the topsoil went down towards the Gulf of Mexico, the income also went down. Lack of income meant poor schools. Over half of the teachers hadn't finished the eighth grade. The average school term was 3½ months. The children walked to school over muddy roads. There wasn't a mile of improved roads in the entire country. The main church on Mr. Doran's circuit had only ten paying members. Three members "in good standing" each paid $1 a year in recognition of the service of the church to them and their families.

When Mr. Doran came, there were four churches on the circuit with memberships of twenty, forty, twelve, and twelve. Now there are eleven churches with a total membership of 800. The church budget is now thirty times what it was when he came. There are now 110 miles of improved roads in the parish, where there were none before. The average yield of corn per acre has increased from eighteen bushels to forty-two. A stranger driving through this county today can tell when he reaches this parish by the painted houses and landscaped grounds. Religion has found expression in the total life of the community.

This pastor's first decision about his new parish was that he must lift the economic level of his people. So he bought a farm. Some of his people complained that it was the poorest farm in the community. It was what he needed, though, because its topsoil had been washed away and it gave him a chance for a clear demonstration in soil building. His first year he raised only two bushels of corn to the acre. The last year he had corn in that same field the yield was seventy-three bushels to the acre.

He set apart two acres back of the church for demonstration plots. One plot he cultivated in the usual method that had been followed by his neighbors. In adjoining plots he planted soybeans, lespedeza, crimson clover, and alfalfa—all soil-building crops. Lime was used to counteract the acidity. The farmers watched the results. Today there are seventy-nine fields of alfalfa in this parish and over half the country has been limed.

With a soil auger and an assistant, this orthodox preacher went about testing the different fields in his parish. The businessmen in the nearest town helped him fit out his laboratory. His wife's fruit jars were used to hold the samples. His home soon looked like a room in a college of agriculture. He classified all the land in the parish into twelve different types and discussed with his farmers suitable crops and necessary methods of cultivation for each type. Soil conservation and soul saving became integral parts of his program of rebuilding community life.

Livestock Play a Part

Along with the experiments in soil building came similar experiments with livestock. Hampshire sheep were agreed upon, likewise Jersey Giants for meat and White Leghorns for eggs. The first purebred Jersey cow in this parish belonged to the church. Jerseys were selected for milk and Herefords for beef. When all raised the same breed the marketing problems were simplified.

Improvement of farm practices or of personal religious living, Mr. Doran believes, is an educational process. The first year he came he started a night school. During the three winter months, when the evenings were long and work was slack the farmers would spend two hours for five evenings a week at the manse. One man would be given a church paper and would be asked to report on it on the following evening. Another would be given a farm paper to read and report on some article and tell how that bit of information could be applied to local conditions and needs. These men were thus not only trained in the techniques of farming but at the same time in methods of church work. The enrollment at this night school has varied from twelve to forty-four men.

One of the results of this night school was the organization of a consumer-producer cooperative. The pastor asked the local merchant to act as its agent and business manager. This man goes to Nashville or Cincinnati twice a week, hauling the farmers' cattle, potatoes, wool, or lambs, and to the tobacco markets with their tobacco crop. He charges a fixed sum for hauling. If a farmer wants 100 pounds of sugar or a keg of nails or anything in large lots, he brings the product on the return trip and charges transportation costs. If this same farmer wants to buy or sell in small quantities, he does this at this man's store as formerly. The local

merchant therefore is retailer of small quantities and a sales manager and transportation agent of larger orders through the cooperative. This cooperative society has been operating successfully for twenty-five years and has forty-four families in its membership.

GARDENS GET BOOST

Mr. Doran said that when he first came no one in the community raised spinach, carrots, cauliflower, or kale. A prize was therefore awarded each year to the home that had the best vegetable garden. A recent winner raised thirty-three different varieties.

Home nursing and first aid have also been taught. Each year at the manse all who come on certain days are immunized against diphtheria, typhoid, and other communicable diseases. The country health department and the home demonstration agent help in this. Yet there is still too much sickness. The pastor is often called into homes where people are sick. It costs from $15 to $25 to get a doctor out from the city for one visit in the remote parts of the parish. So the pastor helps with minor ailments and calls the doctor when necessary. The health officer assists with preventive medicine.

Along with the yearly prize for the best vegetable garden is a similar award for the best flower garden. Beauty is put on a par with health.

Whenever a young man of integrity in this parish is ready to marry and start his own home, this pastor takes as much interest in getting him located in the community as he does in getting his name on the church roll. Often trust funds fall into the minister's hands. At the same time some absentee landlord offers to sell a farm. These farms are bought by the pastor and resold to these young men. Thus the parish population has been gradually improved. Twenty young married couples here have become home owners in this way. The pastor has bought these twenty farms and resold them to his young people. Four of these young men are now elders in his church. Asked if he ever received any commission for handling these sales, he said he would no more take a commission for helping his people buy a home than he would for making a pastoral call on them after they had moved in.

One phase of the program here of beautifying the countryside is the type of church architecture followed in the new buildings. The first new church was the one at Blue Spring. The men quarried the rock and hauled it and with their own hands built this beautiful new Gothic Church. Five men each gave over 100 days' and over thirty men gave over thirty days' free labor that year to the building operations. The next new building was the Johnsontown church. The men here gave a total of 471 days of free labor to build this beautiful little sanctury. Last summer the men built the new Robinson's Chapel. It is Gothic in design, built from the native stone. Cherry Creek is scheduled to be built next. Thus the eleven old preaching places with their ancient loyalties are to be replaced with beautiful little cathedrals, each rock of which is to be touched into new and beauteous life by the loving hands of a devout people.

Mention was earlier made of the fact that the entire church program was built upon the needs of the people. This indigenous characteristic is illustrated by the method of church support. At the time for the every-member canvass, all are asked to make a pledge. Those who have little cash, pledge produce. Those with neither, pledge a definite number of days of labor on the pastor's farm. The produce given is used by the pastor's family or turned into cash, as is also the labor. Sometimes a member gives the use of a field and a class of boys plants it to potatoes or some such crop, and gives the proceeds, when sold, to the church.

FARM $20 TO $1,100

Returns from labor and commodities comprise about four-fifths of the total budget. In other words, the budget is five times as large because an adaptation is made in the method of giving so that the people can pledge and give that which they have. The first year in the parish, the people at the Blue Spring church, the main church in the large parish, gave only $20.10; their last year's contribution was $1,100.

This circuit of eleven preaching places covers 450 square miles and ministers to 1,050 families. The circumference of the parish is 110 miles. Five of the eleven places are fully organized churches and six are "evangelistic centers" or "extension points." In the eleven places there is a total of over 800 communicant members, and the total church attendance on an ordinary Sunday is about 1,200 people.

The pastor evidently cannot give his personal attention each Sunday to all of the eleven places, so he has what he calls "lay sponsors" for each place. These men have been trained for at least three years in his night schools or other classes. Usually one layman is responsible for the Sunday school and the young people's meeting and another looks after the worship service when the minister is not there. Sometimes the pastor writes the sermon for them to preach. He spends his mornings from five to seven in his study. There are 7,000 books in his library, with usually about 400 lent out all of the time. He preaches five times each Sunday. On week nights he is either teaching a class or training some leaders whom he wants to accept some new responsibility. You cannot find him at home in the evening without making an appointment. When his small son was six years old his father promised to go fishing with him when the boy became seven. The son reminded his father recently that he was now eleven and still he had found no time for fishing.

A PROGRAM TO FIT THE NEEDS

This rural parish in the Cumberland Plateau illustrates rural reconstruction through the church. The program here was not handed down but it grow up from within. It was indigenous. It began where the people were. It was built around the needs of the people. Individual conflicts were changed to cooperative living. Religion was expressed in total life. First there was a leader, then knowledge, then vision, then planning. The church led, but cooperated with other agencies. The Gospel was clearly preached. And the whole program rested on a program of economic improvement.

The government is active in rehabilitating farmers who have been blown out or tractored out of their farms or driven out by soil erosion. The government is giving many a farm family a new start in life. But it is far better to keep them on their own land, with their roots deep in the life of their home communities, active in its churches, and regular in its schools. This is what this pastor is doing.

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Gleanings On Rural Life

BY STANLEY HAMILTON

Nearly every family has some rural connection or interest. Most Quakers who live in cities are only one or two generations removed from rural communities and rural Meetings. Of these city dwellers a great many, either openly or furtively, long for some form of rural life for themselves and their families. Many work hard and plan to spend their retirement years in the country. Some live in the suburbs and commute. Others try to live and work in the country as much as possible, spending some time in professional or other work in the city, but being definitely on the rural side.

Some friends, a family of four, parents and college age son and daughter, after some years of longing and months of planning have undertaken a real experiment. Let me quote from their annual New Years' letter: "About a year ago we bought a farm, located three and a half miles from the college.

When we got possession, early in March, we began clearing up the yard, pruning trees, fixing fences and found a man to fix the barn, which was about to fall over. We finally succeeded in adding a basement room for the furnace, a room above that and an attic. The painting is yet to be done, but we are cozily settled and happy. Enough grain and hay were raised for feed and now we have cows, sheep, chickens and rabbits to eat it. Our first calf came yesterday and another today, rather exciting for folks who have always lived in the city. E. continues teaching with daily farm chores as recreation. D. has a full college program and raises white rabbits for meat and fur. W. became expert with the tractor. We all worked in the vegetable garden and canned the results. True, that whatever one works hard doing he is almost sure to enjoy. Hours spent in hoeing and planting seemed more worth the effort than many committees. At the same time that we are producing food that we can share with others we mean to live in that spirit of love and good will that would make all men brothers."

Much of the success of this venture is due to the fact that the children were full partners, from planning to achievement. These are wise parents.

"The greatest fine art of the future will be the making of a comfortable living from a small piece of land."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"We are concerned with two problems in conserving the agricultural land of America, the preservation of an adequate supply of land to furnish the agricultural needs of the country for all time, and also with maintaining the individual farms which are the only security of the millions of people who live on them."—H. H. BENNETT, *Soil Conservation Chief*.

"The family farm, not the commercialized, is the place to live a real family life. Ownership of the soil and of a cow and a couple of pigs does things for families that cannot be computed in money. It increases self-respect and gives a sense of security."

"The countryside needs to keep the cream of its human crop. The rural home gave it birth, the rural community educated, the rural church nurtured it. If we are to have a democracy tomorrow its roots will be in the countryside."

MONSIGNOR L. G. LIGUTTI.

The above quotations from Land and Home, Quarterly of the National Catholic Rural Life conference.

"We do not always know the things that make our lives significant."

Fiesta in Xico

By Devere Allen

A chance was given me recently to see something of the work camp at Xico, in the State of Vera Cruz. And to see it under unusual circumstances. For although we didn't know it when Heberto Sein and I drove the 220 miles from the Mexican capital down toward the Gulf Coast, the townspeople of Xico (pronounced Hee-co) had planned a fiesta for the boys working on the project.

When you arrive at one a. m., Xico presents anything but a festive air. There are no *campesinos* in from the countryside to gossip on the corners; the stores and little *fondas* are closed; from the cobblestones comes no clicking of burros' feet; and no residents pass on the narrow walks with the inevitable greeting, *Adios*, which in rural Mexico means Hello as well as Goodby, like the Austrian *Grüss Gott*. All of these are only waiting for the dawn.

The last stretch of road into Xico is something to write about, even in normal times. But now, entering the town itself, we found a great yawning ditch in the center of the main street, with bumpy, rain-soaked soil on either side, over which we drove more like hopeful bronco-busters than anything else. But I will not insult that roadway; for what might seem to the casual visitor as a lurking den of rocks and tire traps, is something of which the boys at Xico are rightly proud. Sinew and sacrifice piled up those stones and gashed these trenches out of tough, hard-packed, cobbled streets hitherto undisturbed for years. When all the tough boulders have been pried out and the central piping laid, the boys will have to tear up what sound paving is left, in order to lay the pipes at right angles into the rows of houses. For their job at Xico is putting in a sewage system.

Going to bed at half-past two affected not at all the camp rising hour of five-thirty. Unbending bit by bit, and wondering how a place allegedly in the tropics could ever get so cold, you couldn't help coming to life under the ministrations of the breakfast crew, who, like magicians, coaxed excellent fare out of the native stone stove, with its tiny coal grates which work well enough it you don't tire of fanning. This is only one of various aspects of daily living which told us we were in a different land. But when the devotion period came, it brought, as always, that precious sense of oneness which carried us back, in unbelievable closeness, to meetings of Friends in various other countries, and to the special meetings in which some of us had the joy of membership. The immediate location was a little town in Mexico; but the spirit and purpose were as wide as all the world.

Instead of digging, this day the boys were decorating the rooms of the ample house provided for them by the village. It was raining, as it is so often in this damp coffee country. For two hours and a half the rain shut us in while we talked of the various post-war tasks in this challenging world, trying to see the opportunities ahead for rehabilitation of which the work at Xico is a forerunner and a symbol. If we were hungry when the dinner hour came, we had no fear that we would not be filled; for when Mexicans set out to feed you, the foreigner is likely, if he doesn't restrain himself from overeating, to need a wheel chair when leaving the table. I can remember with what trepidation I first approached Mexican food, after all I had heard about the necessity of caution. It is true that with certain products you have to be careful, but with the exception of very remote districts indeed, you can usually find plenty to eat that is adapted even to the stomach of the North American. And this was a veritable spread.

We gathered in the patio of a lovely Mexican home, where a huge table seated only half the assembly at a time, and where, as we ate, we looked out upon orange trees, bougainvillea, poinsettias, and rich tropical foliage. Certain shortages are beginning to be felt in Mexico, but the only one noticeable this day was that of capacity. Course after course stretched out delectably. There was a babel of tongues, some of us exchanging abominable Spanish for laughing attempts at an occasional English word; and some of us talking French with a young doctor who had never been in France but who rattled off the language as though he had. Our hosts had the understanding not to try to feed us with any pale imitations of United States cookery, but had outdone themselves with the native Mexican dishes. And that is good enough for anybody, even though, at one time, when they served us fowl smothered in *mole*, that red-hot sauce which could bore a hole through reinforced concrete, soft-drink consumption rapidly mounted—and the general amusement.

The afternoon was equally memorable. All hands were admittedly shy at first, and a trifle awkward. Some of the boys tried to discover a common game, and so did the *señoritas*, but without much success. When the last table of guests, however, had eaten, and the rose-tiled

living-room was crowded, Heberto Sein rose and introduced the camp's young leader, who, in the first two minutes of a brief address, broke the ice by his simplicity and humor, and made himself, as they put it down here, *muy simpático*. The mayor of Xico also spoke, foregoing platitudes and describing the benefits to be gained from a modern sewage system by a community which long had suffered from epidemics and tropical disease. That mayor, by the way, doesn't fit any of the pictures of fictional tropic politicians; alert, business-like, hard-working, public-spirited, he has been a great help in carrying to the people of Xico a comprehension of the spiritual basis, as well as the physical nature, of the work the boys have been undertaking in the village.

But Heberto Sein almost climaxed the meeting when he gave an address reviewing the history of Quaker work and outlined the projects in Mexico. I have heard the Friends' point of view presented by many a speaker, but never better than by Heberto Sein. How fortunate we are that one of his personal warmth and world outlook and experience can focus the work in Mexico with a clarity which carries conviction to the simplest of his countrymen! His listeners were truly moved; and somehow, instead of increasing our feeling of formality by this period of talks, we had all relaxed in a closer fellowship.

I said that Heberto *almost* climaxed the meeting. It was Mexican music, after all, that brought us most closely together. As I felt it sweep us along in comradeship, I could not forbear an inward chuckle at the anomaly, for a gathering brought about because of Quaker concerns! But Mexican music, as you find it in Mexico, is an irresistible force, which pokes its rhythms into your very molecules and sets them vibrating. And when the mayor's brother, in picturesque gala costume, brought in his deep-throated guitar, the piano was abandoned, as he led us in one song after another, the hours sliding away while our voices, some expert and others faltering, following those lilting tunes of which every Mexican possesses an inexhaustible repertoire. Music is the essence of the fiesta, and hardly had we said our farewells when an orchestra, provided by the town, showed up at camp headquarters while townfolk began to gather for the evening. Folk music, dance tunes, and fellowship brought, this time, wider circles into the gathering; not a few came barefoot, with their colorful sarapes, to watch the strange young lads who were still something of a curiosity. Among these also were a few Mexicans who felt on terms of intimacy, for did they not jump into the same ditch whenever they could find the time, and work shoulder to shoulder with the husky young *gringos?*

One of the interesting phases of the work is the degree to which it has enlisted the co-operation of young Mexicans. Half of the digging is sometimes done by the Mexican volunteers, and at practically every stage some volunteer help has been forthcoming. Some young men have come down from universities in Mexico City. One English teacher from Cuernavaca, 270 miles away, who had once studied in Whittier College, spent most of his Christmas vacation away from his family, digging along with the boys from the States, because, as he put it, "When something like this is being done, I want to be doing it too."

And so Xico had its fiesta. When the boys labor with their picks and shovels, they can feel that the town has come out to give them its official welcome. And when evening comes, and they walk along exchanging *Adios* with the natives, they can rightly feel that more than a superficial greeting has been passed—that across the barriers of nationality, geography, customs, and language, understanding has grown, deference has been paid to the best impulses of two aspiring peoples.

Indians and Quakers

By Elaine Goodale Eastman

PERHAPS no harder test was ever faced by men of peace than when Quaker doctrine came up against a few hundred thousand warlike Red Men who innocently believed themselves to be the owners and rulers of America. How could any one suppose for a moment that such a horde of barbarians, lacking any civilized code of law, morals, or religion, would consent to defend their rights solely by the Quaker method of reason and persuasion? The attempt was nevertheless made, and its success is a matter of record wherever Friends were in full control. In cases occurring under President Grant's administration, where a Quaker became an agent of the government, pledged to carry out policies resting ultimately upon force, and supported by a detachment of troops in the immediate neighborhood, partial failure is seen to have been inevitable.

May I suggest that the Quaker preeminence in the establishment of right race relations rests upon one simple precept — the brotherhood of man? However strange they might appear, in dress and outward behavior, Friends have always believed that the "savages" were essentially men like unto ourselves, and in this faith have appealed to the best in human nature with really remarkable results. For at least seventy-five years they have been consistently active in urging governmental reforms, and in carrying them into effect. The novel and striking gains achieved by the two great schools at Hampton and Carlisle, and by the annual Mohonk Indian conferences sponsored by the Quaker Smiley brothers, owe a never-to-be-forgotten debt to Friends. May they continue to lead in the present movement to do away with artificial and misleading racial distinctions among a group already quite well assimilated, releasing competent individuals from even the appearance of a legal or social handicap, on the ground of one or more aboriginal ancestors!

Prof. E. Franklin Frazier, writing of racial minorities in the *American Journal of Sociology*, reminds us that "the third of a million native American Indians have remained isolated on the whole from American life," at the time justly classifying them as friendly and loyal. Now that Indian wars have long since ceased and all Indians since 1924 are at least technically citizens, with thousands exercising the franchise and many fighting on our side in this war, is it not full time to ask ourselves: Is such isolation any longer either necessary or wise? Should not segregation be discouraged in every way open to us, especially since it is based to a considerable extent upon fictitious racial statistics?

It is authoritatively stated by Dr. Shapiro of the American Museum of Natural History that persons of mixed ancestry constitute "a very significant part" of our "Indian" population, while present trends indicate a "relatively rapid assimilation into the white group." Since these individuals are not biological but merely legal Indians, there should be little opposition to dropping many of them entirely from the rolls of a paternally-minded Indian bureau. Release from "wardship" would be a marked gain in the direction of self-respect, and incidentally a relief to taxpayers. Wherever, because of extreme poverty or lack of opportunity, special assistance is still needed, let it come from the many government agencies serving all citizens equally. It is true that a hope of unearned favors on purely racial grounds might lead to objection from a few, and an equally selfish motive might conceivably impel officials of the Indian service to oppose such a reduction of personnel and diminution of authority.

In addition to the elmination of the almost-white Indians, and of all who have demonstrated practical competence, whatever their degree of blood, an important step might be the substitution of the ordinary mixed public school for segregated "Indian" schools under federal management, wherever this is or could be made feasible. The plan has been in operation for some time in certain states, and could readily be extended, for example among the Sioux. Further suggestions are greatly increased activity in the placement of graduates in work outside a specialized "Indian" service, where they are still branded as "different," and the rapid extension of all state laws to Indians, to be followed by the logical and in many cases overdue step of dispensing with most of the smaller reservations altogether.

Whereas the original Indian cultures —not one but many and various and often mutually hostile—were fifty years ago generally belittled or ignored, there seems to be a present tendency to overstress their permanent worth. The primary value and theoretical interest of these primitive philosophies, and the customs that grew out of them in pre-Columbian days, is not at all the point in dispute, since we are thinking solely of their relation to a civilization based on science and technology.

A few college-educated Indians have been led to claim for their tribal religion and culture a grossly exaggerated importance, even to asserting its superiority in the large to European ideas and Christian teaching. It must be remembered that the elaborate "give away" ceremonies of certain groups were by no means an indication of the purest unselfishness, but a principal avenue to personal distinction. It is true that service to the community at sacrifice of self was often held up as an ideal. "This Jesus of whom you speak," said an old Dakotan many years ago, "must surely have been an Indian!"

Perhaps what is essentially best in "Indian" culture is as broad as humanity, while his arts and crafts, many of which had marked utility as well as aesthetic charm, can be, and are, practiced today by any one who chooses to acquire the technique. This implies no qualification of our main purpose—which is to lead and help the younger generation of "Indian wards" to join the ten per cent or more of the same ethnic origin who already mingle almost unrecognized in the main current of American life. We can all help by ceasing to saddle a successful individual with an outgrown tribal designation, regardless of predominantly non-Indian ancestry, and, as a rule, of wholly European culture and training.

Edward Hoag and the Indians

By Charles O. Whitely

ON Tuesday, January 5th, the writer of this article was called to Muscatine, Iowa, to attend the funeral service for Edward F. Hoag, a life long Friend and a valued member of Iowa Yearly Meeting. The occasion was something like reading the last chapter of a most interesting book and then closing the volume and living over in one's memory the items of greatest interest.

During the years I have known Edward Hoag I have sat by the hour in his suburban home, just out of Muscatine, while he lived over the history of events in connection with his almost ninety years of knowledge and active service in the work of Friends for the welfare of the American Indian. The passing of this Friend, is, so far as I have been able to learn, the last living tie that has bound the present generation to the preceding one when the government, under President Grant, called on the Quakers to have some responsibility and oversight of the Indians who were being removed to reservations in what was then known as Indian Territory.

This story begins soon after the Civil War, when Friends were exercised for the welfare of the freedmen. This awakened interest in the negro gave rise to a renewed interest in the red man as well. The migration westward brought about serious difficulties resulting in many injustices to the Indians who had claimed the Western Plains as their rightful heritage.

Enoch D. Hoag, the father of Edward, was greatly disturbed in his mind concerning the serious difficulties he could foresee as well as some that were already evident. With his burdened mind he made mention of this concern to the Monthly Meeting at Bloomington (the home Meeting just out of Muscatine). He was encouraged to state his concern to the coming session of Springdale Quarterly Meeting, and in turn was liberated by that body to review the matter at the sessions of Iowa Yearly Meeting. From the best records available it appears that this matter was brought to the Yearly Meeting in 1867. As a result the Yearly Meeting made possible an extended trip which Enoch Hoag made during the winter of 67-68 among the Potawatomies in Western Iowa, thence to the Sioux in Northern Nebraska and South Dakota and on westward as far as the Blackfeet Indians in Montana, returning to the Yearly Meeting in 1868 with the report of his findings.

The report to the Yearly Meeting resulted in liberating Enoch Hoag to visit certain Eastern Yearly Meetings and to attend a conference on Indian Affairs that was held at Indianapolis. In 1869 the Associated Executive Committee on Indian Affairs was organized and appointed Enoch D. Hoag as Superintendent of the Central Division with headquarters at Lawrence, Kansas, which position he held for seven years.

In was during this period that Edward F. Hoag features in the story. At the age of sixteen he was a student at what was then known as Whittier College, later Salem Academy at Salem, Iowa. Soon after his father's appointment as Superintendent, Edward gave up his school at Salem and went to Lawrence to serve as secretary to his father. All letters passing between the office at Lawrence and Washington were written by hand and these in turn were copied by Edward for the office files. These copies have all been preserved until this day and have been treasured by Edward as historical documents. It is to be hoped that they may be carefully reviewed by some one and placed in safe keeping for future reference. Already Jonathan M. Steere has suggested that they be placed in the care of Haverford College Library, where special plans have been provided for such portions of Quaker history.

One incident that Edward has often related is worth repeating here. After the Indians were placed on reservations in the territory it was necessary for the government to get supplies to them. The end of the railroad at that time was at Coffeeville, Kansas. From this point freight wagons were used to carry supplies to Pawhuska, which was one of the distributing points. It was thought by government authorities at Washington, that the freighters were charging for more milage than the distance covered. An order was sent to Lawrence to the effect that the milage from Coffeeville to Pawhuska should be determined. This task was assigned to Edward Hoag. He went from Lawrence to Kansas City, thence to Coffeeville by train. He rode the freight wagons to Pawhuska, requiring three days over trackless plains. On the return trip Edward lay in the back of the wagon and with a red rag tied to a rear wagon wheel he counted every revolution of the wheel. The return trip, empty, required two days but the count was correctly kept, the circumference of the wagon wheel measured and the distance between the two points forwarded to Washington.

In November 1871 a notable event occurred that has been featured in

pictures and story by Edward Hoag, as one of his more recent efforts to preserve this bit of Quaker history. The occasion was the meeting of members of the Associated Executive Committee, together with the Quaker Indian Agents, that was held at Lawrence, Kansas. There assembled at that time thirteen members of the committee whose names have become familiar to those of us who have overlapped the preceding generation of active members of the Society of Friends. The ten agents from the territory attending this gathering were like wise men possessed with the true pioneer missionary spirit.

To those who would know more about this experiment that had its beginning under President Grant, when the plan to place Quaker Missionaries among the Indians, instead of attempting to pacify them by military force was inaugurated, I would recommend the book, Friends and the Indians, by Rayner W. Kelsey.

Christmas for Japanese–Americans

By American Friends Service Committee

"CHRISTMAS won't be Christmas without any presents." There were many persons who were determined that it should be Christmas for several thousand children of Japanese ancestry and that there would be presents. The Japanese-American Citizens League asked various Church groups if they would be responsible for securing a specific number of presents, and the Service Committee was given the number of 2500. But time was short and members of the administrative staff in the Centers were very much afraid there would be bitter disappointment at the feeble response to this suggestion.

For several weeks the Storeroom at 1515 Cherry Street was buried under an avalanche of Christmas presents. Each one had the name of the donor written on it, and the age and sex of the child who should receive it. They were brought by Friends' School and public school children, by First Day and Sunday Schools, by old and young, including several Japanese in this area. Cornelius Pitts, who wheels a green cart between 1515 Cherry Street and 20 South 12th Street, looked like a real Santa Claus as he traveled back and forth carrying the parcels which had been brought to the Service Committee. His face was radiant as he pushed the overloaded wagon filled with Christmas joy. The packers at the Storeroom stood knee-deep in tissue paper, at first hoping that the 2500 packages would come in, then wondering when the parcels would stop coming. Altogether, the Philadelphia Storeroom, the Southern California and the Northern California Branches and the Seattle Friends Center sent out a total of 11,835 gifts. This does not include the Chicago and New York Offices, which cooperated with other church groups.

Although the most important part of this service may perhaps have been the final reception of the gift by the child for whom it was sent, there is a possibility that the many individuals doing the work had a special satisfaction too. Several letters describing the preparation of the gifts have been received. "For several months the members of the Reconstruction Committee have been meeting every Tuesday evening to make toys. Chief products were toy trains, boats and wooden animals. . . . One of our more ambitious fellows turned out, with the aid of his neighbors, some fifty toy trucks. This was the basis of the rumor which started that the AFSC was sending fifty truck loads of toys to the Centers! . . . During the last week, members of the committee and volunteers, including German and Austrian newcomers, wrapped, labeled and packed all the presents. The sewing group of the Meeting made cloth-stuffed bunnies, dressed dolls, while in the basement of the clerk's house they used the jiz-saw to turn out 120 toy ducks, dogs and elephants, which they painted, and 200 jig-saw puzzles. Each of our workers had not only the joy of doing, but the joy of sharing in the work together and sharing in the happiness of our little friends who were so much in our thoughts."

A country day school organized a project to send play equipment to a Center Nursery School. "Parents and children worked together, constructing wheelbarrows, ladders, trains, dolls, etc. They sent saws, hammers and other tools along so that older children at the camp could participate in the assembling of the equipment. This project was worked at for over a week before parents and children found out that it was not being done for aliens."

Nearly all the Relocation Centers had "Block" Christmas parties, each Block representing fourteen barracks, with dining and recreation halls, including 250 persons. Each child had a gift marked with his or her name, and when Santa called the names, the children came forward. Parties had to be scheduled to allow the four or five Santa Claus costumes to be available, so that some were held on Christmas Eve and others on Christmas Day.

A chairman of the Christmas Committee has written to the Service Committee, "Every child fifteen years old and under, of whom there are over 3,000 in this Center, was provided with a gift. . . . To do justice to your kind thoughts every Block did its best to make Christmas as it should be for the children, the result being that never before was 'Joy to the World' sung with such profound meaning, and never was the real message of Christmas so keenly felt. Mere words cannot express our deep appreciation for we realize that times are not normal and there surely must be burdensome problems to be shouldered, but may you find deep satisfaction in the knowledge that 13,000 of 'the least of these' were made truly happy on His birthday."

This project was a real contribution in making the evacuees realize that there are still thousands of Americans who remember them and are concerned for their welfare, in letting different Center communities distribute the gifts rather than the church groups to their own members in the Centers, and in bringing the Block families together in such a spirit of unity and fellowship. "I think you who have worked so hard can feel that much has been accomplished, but we must realize that it is only a beginning. . . . We must turn our energies toward developing a really effective relocation project."

Christmas is over, but the people of Japanese ancestry are still in their Centers. There is no further need for gaily wrapped packages. May the spirit of love which prompted this extraordinary outpouring of gifts continue during 1943 and find a tangible expression for these citizens and friends.

It is said of General Jan Christian Smuts that "He doesn't drink, smoke or play cards; no dancing, hunting, racing, games. He is at heart a puritan, a man with the sense of sin, a deep spirit of religion, a devout member of the Dutch Reformed Church, with a strong tendency to mysticism, with the bearing, demeanour and catholicism of a Quaker; a lover of peace and a preventor of war, and above all a man with a love of mountains, deserts, the open veldt, and the night—a child of nature."

To these two great articles of conscience, God is high and God is near, the Bible adds a greater third, God is love.

Our Tank

By H. W. Elkinton

"THERE goes our tank," said George Ebeling as the dray or wood-sled slid down the mountainside, working with uncertain track on its way amongst the roots and rocks and snow to the loading pile. "Our Tank!" Why our tank? Well, the strange carriage looked like a tank, and then men who are devoting their lives to living, without using the destructions of war, get a certain, special satisfaction in seeing "their tank." It lends a bouquet to the job.

Regard that dray; a thing alive, crawling, heavy with wood, lurching and sledding on the snow. From the rear we saw the ends of logs, cut into four foot lengths. They were held in mass by upright poles and lashed together with chains. A parcel of firewood. An orderly pile of wood on its way to make somebody warm. We stood there in a kind of solemn moment. "Our Tank!"

Listen to its sounds. When the temperature is low, that is around twenty-five or thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, a whole new series of sounds and small noises emerge. The snow crunches under foot. There is something excessively brittle in that sound, half crunch and half cry. Voices become more clear. They carry farther. Men shout to each other from one part of the mountain to another and their voices carry. Strange what is meant by that verb, "carry." The slap-slap of cold arms to work up a circulation seems to fan the air. Even the breath has a sound. One inhales with the stimulating knife-like pain and blows out the air with a loud puff or muffled blow. The breath turns to a churning cloud and is lost on the cold air. "Our tank," however, had a voice of its own. It squealed as the long dray poles turned a sharp curve and pressed the snow hard and tight in the track. The members of the body worked in their frame and uttered little separate cries. The wood mumbled and groaned as it worked on itself in the ordeal of moving. Out in front was the busy chug-chug of the caterpillar tractor that talked to itself as it flattened out the snow. It was a machine. Why did it have to pay any attention to the day, to the sunshine, to the toil of C.O.'s? It was careless and insensate about the wood it drew behind. The fateful, inexorable plates of the tractor treads clanked on and on and on, as the snow screamed with crushed pain.

We continued to stand there following with our eye the disappearing "tank." Finally even the cold disturbed our reflection. It bit our ears and pinched the nose and crept into the crevices of clothes. So we turned back to work. The work consisted of "toting" cord wood. Three years ago the C.C.C. boys had cut the stand on the shoulder of Bartlett's Haystack. They had piled it in racks, very skillfully held together with stakes at the end and the crotch of limbs bound into the stacked pile. Our job was to sweep off the snow, break up the blocks, that is the frozen chunks of logs as they had been cemented together by ice, and to load the dray when it made the next round. The caterpillar tractor hauled it to the loading pile where the truck got it and carried it along the Passaconaway road back to Bartlett where it served as fuel for the central station of the White Mountain National Forest.

Actually we had a bit of a chance to rest before that busy motor grunted and puffed up the steep mountain trail. Rest is an amusing word on a mountainside when the air is so sharp. There was no rest. There was a chance to look around. The wind moved against the birch trees gently as if visiting. The paper thin fins of curled bark nodded by way of hospitality. There was some motion at the tops of the maple trees where the purple-red buds were waiting to burst the sheaths that protected them from the ice of frost. Potential spring awaiting release and the sun. The sun itself shone with a curious winter light, neither hot nor cold. Objective sun-light. It has a hard distant quality as if we were to have our quota of light but no warmth, no joy from that sun.

The sun spent itself on Bear Mountain where a fringe of fir stood against the sky. Those trees were cold. They were mantled by hoarfrost so we saw them as a colony of ghosts that neither moved nor complained but stood immobile on the crest of the mountain on the other side of the valley. Furniture of winter, witnesses to the life of the tree in the dwelling place of snow and ice! There was beauty there in their blue toned, silver grey frostings, but no warmth.

By noon we followed the dray down to the road. It was lunch time. It gave me a good chance to examine this strange vehicle which we had been serving all morning. It is a special carriage designed for taking logs, or rather cord wood, out of the mountains. On top of a small sled very sturdily built there swivels a frame made of two large logs that fall away to the rear until the ends rest on the snow. These side members are held together with cross members making a strong tight frame. Into these side members fit upright poles between which the wood is piled to a height of some four to five feet and to a weight of approximately two tons. The loads vary, depending upon the precarious descent. When it is clear coasting, the wood heaps up like a ribbed carapace on a beetles back. When the road is treacherous, the piles must be lower.

There is always a hazard because the long poles may ride high on some hidden stump and spill the works. To avoid this danger, when possible, the crew hangs far out on the high side like sailors making weight so that the ship will not capsize. There are other dangers. The dray may rebel because of some unevenness in track and then all hands leap away from the lurching tonnage. Or of more subtle danger is the blow that the side member logs can give to one's leg as they lash back and forth in the agony of travel.

"Our tank!" What was the connection between that hulk rocking and rolling down the steep mountain road and us? Another machine served by man? There was no particular meaning in the birch logs that tied that dray to the tractor, to power. Hardly. Why did we have a right to call that carriage "our tank?"

It was not entirely clear until I had followed the wood one more step. We were laboring in the truck up a hill on the mountain road. The truck was heavily loaded. The weight crowded the engine on the down grade. As a passenger I thought of the brakes, but why worry? Reynold Russell was at the wheel and doing well under difficult circumstances. Suddenly it all became clear.

We were traveling between two long endless ridges of snow; drifts tossed up, and left by the snow plow. The wind had softened the outlines of knobs and points. It had fashioned the snow into humanity, broken and bent and in driven pain. It took no imagination to see people, God's children, moving in two endless files, one on the right side of the road and the other on the left, mute figures of charade, of what happens in the crush of war.

One saw the mother clinging to the child as both fled. One saw the old man leaning on his cane and in his infirmity taking last steps toward the abyss. The monk was there with a white hood, and the nun and the CHURCH. Children pressed on every hand. The young girls with shawl over the head, peasant, bourgeois and bishop, all leaning and moving and fleeing from what? War! We moved down that road as if it were the road to life. Our burden was noth-

(Continued on page 80)

A Patient Quest

By Clarence Votaw

I HAVE a book that came off the press many years age and is now almost falling to pieces. My mother used to carry it to "meeting" and on religious visitations. In it is the story of a young Jew, handsome no doubt, being a perfect specimen of humanity. He had been traveling over rough roads with some companions, and near time for luncheon he sent them to a village to buy bread. He, being weary as any of us would be after several hours walk on a stony highway sat to rest on the stone curb of a well, in the shade, I imagine of a wide spreading fig tree.

In all generations it had been the task of women to carry water, and in the story one of these came from the town with a water jar and long cord. It would be interesting if we could have had a moving picture of her as she came down the hill, barefooted perhaps, with a veil streaming back from her head, covered with gleaming black hair, on which rested her jar steadied by a bare arm tanned to the tint of an exquisite piece of brown leather. Artists have painted the scene as she drew water from the deep well, but never to my mind, do they make her face express all that she felt. She was a woman of tender passions, no doubt, who "wore her heart on her sleeve" and could not distrust any one.

Soon it was plain to her that here was a man superior to any one she had known, one that it would be an honor to know and yet by conventional rules they could not become acquainted. I would like for the artist to depict the stealthy glances at his face as she tugged at the long rope with the heavy jar at the end. Or the relief on her face when the young Jew asked for a drink and she held the dripping jar to his lips. The reserve was broken now and she could not resist the impulse to gain an acquaintance with this good looking stranger even at the risk of censure. So she inquired why he being a Jew ventured to break a rule of his nation by asking her for a drink.

Evidently he told her that the enmity between them was irrational, and that each should be helpful to the other. And to demonstrate that point he remarked that if she had asked him he would have given her water that would quench all thirst, and forever refresh any one who drank it. She knew there was a deep meaning in these words, but confused she made a stupid reply: "The well is deep and without a cord or jar no one could draw water. Where then could this water be obtained?"

I would want the artist to depict her face with its pleading expression as she told him of her hard lot and tiresome walks from the well with her heavy jar. Another interesting scene to paint would portray her expression when the young man suggested that she should call her husband, and with downcast eyes she replied that she had never been married. She preceived now that he could look into her very heart, and with perfect confidence accepted his declaration: "The Messiah who shall rule the world is talking to thee now." Then in her haste to tell the news she forgot her water pot and cord and ran to the town where from one door to another she related the grand proclamation.

Her people were children of Abraham and had a part in the promise to him the same as the Jews. And now even in her haste to tell the message, she paused to inquire concerning a matter that was to her mind most important. Was the ceremony of the Jews at Jerusalem the correct form of worship or was that of her own people that which was acceptable to God? Then to this obscure woman the Messiah made a statement, amazing no doubt to her, and one that evidently is still beyond the comprehension of all but a very few Christians. He told her that the time was coming when no ceremony or outward acts would be a part of the true worship of God. And he repeated the marvelous statement. "The time is coming and *now is* when worship is only a matter of the spirit." And he added that the Father was seeking such to worship Him.

VALUE OF WORSHIP

When we are asked to sit still we are likely to become self-conscious, but when we are given something to do, we forget ourselves. Notice how much more at ease a congregation is when singing than when it is merely listening. Too much of our worship is passive; we sit and try to soak up something which somebody else is doing for us. This is a second-hand experience and largely futile. Worship should be an act; we should do it for ourselves. It should be our hymn, our response, our prayer. The more a congregation participates, the less self-conscious will it be.—JOHN R. SCOTFORD in *The Christian Advocate.*

Also—In "Silent Worship" we should be waiting for and responsive to every leading of the "Spirit."

THE VICTORY CORPS

Dear Editor:

As citizens interested both in democracy and in education we are gravely distressed by the establishment of the Victory Corps in our high schools; obviously this is a plan for the militarization of public education in America.

One of the heritages of our democracy has been, and we hope will continue to be, a free educational system—not only free in the economic sense to all boys and girls but free also in the sense we commonly call "academic freedom."

The nation's colleges and universities are now generally conceded to be under the direction and control of the war department. The Victory Corps is a long step toward establishing the same relationship in regard to our public schools. Although membership is "voluntary," social pressure will be a tremendous force to make it compulsory, just as pressure from the administration makes the buying of stamps almost compulsory. Both of these forces will vary with the administrative personnel of the school but few schools or individuals will be able to stand out against them.

The Victory Corps is designed to create in America the same child psychology that has been created by similar plans in Germany and Italy. Should we mold youth into believing in the supremacy of the state and into believing the greatest aim in life is dying for that state? Should we now create in America a generation of youth educated wholly or in part on military principle? To do so would be complete abandonment of the ideals and purposes of the "founding fathers" who carefully made the military subordinate to the civilian ends of government.

The educational policy of our schools has always been to present principles—to discuss and study policies; we maintain that it is the democratic privilege of our youth to use these teachings in making their own judgments and directing their own lives.

We urge all who are charged with responsibility for school administration and the creation of public opinion that they take every possible precaution to safeguard the freedom of instruction, that the youth of America may become men and women of independent mind and free bodies, worthy of the liberty with which God has endowed them.

For Syracuse, N. Y. Preparative Meeting,

MILDRED C. WHITNEY, *Clerk.*
M. LESLEY WEST, *Chairman.*
Committee on Education.

Drinking does not drown troubles; it irrigates them.

TOWARD FELLOWSHIP IN MEDITATION

Conducted by Herman Newman

TOGETHER

The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.

PROVERBS 22:2.

* * * * *

We too have talked our hearts out to the embers,
And now go hand in hand down to the death.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

* * * * *

There is no satisfaction in any good without a companion.

SENECA.

* * * * *

Of a truth men are mystically united: a mysterious bond of brotherhood makes all men one.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

* * * * *

No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.

HERBERT SPENCER.

* * * * *

While there is a lower class I am in it. While there is a criminal class I am of it. While there is a soul in prison I am not free.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

* * * * *

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

* * * * *

But since men have never been able to separate themselves from one another's woes and wrongs, since history is fairly stricken with the lesson that we cannot escape brotherhood of some kind, since the whole of life is teaching us that we are hourly choosing between brotherhood in suffering and brotherhood in good, it remains for us to choose the brotherhood of a cooperative world, with all its fruits thereof—the fruits of love and liberty.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

* * * * *

What is the law of nature? Is it to know that my security and that of my family, all my amusements and pleasures, are purchased at the expense of misery, deprivation, and suffering to thousands of human beings? . . . Is it to purchase every fragment of bread that I put in my mouth and the mouths of my children by the numberless privations that are necessary to procure my abundance? Or is it to be certain that my piece of bread only belongs to me when I know that every one else has a share, and that no one starves while I eat?

LEO TOLSTOY.

* * * * *

The brotherhood of man is an integral part of Christianity no less than the fatherhood of God; and to deny the one is no less infidel than to deny the other.

LAYMAN ABBOTT.

* * * * *

Jesus throws down the dividing prejudices of nationality, and teaches universal love, without distinction of race, merit or rank. A man's neighbor is everyone that needs help.

J. C. GEIKE.

* * * * *

Our Father, we thank thee for all the friendly folk who have come into our lives, gladdening us by their human kindness. Make us eager to pay the due price for what we get by putting forth our own lives in wholesome good will and by bearing cheerily the troubles that go with all joys. Above all we thank thee for those who share our higher life, in whose companionship we break the mystic bread of life.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

"How to Live Quaker Principles"

By Henry Cadbury

IN endeavoring to live up to our Quaker principles, we may hope that our powers will be equal to our task. But we must expect to be different—to be in a small minority. When my son said he was a conscientious objector, the draft board said all such should be shot. But when he said he was a Quaker, they said, "Finest people in the world!"

The American Friends Service Committee is peculiar in being neutral—non-political. It is concerned for the oppressors as well as the oppressed.

We should not be too much afraid of being negative and different. It is better to do nothing than to take part in wrong activities. We must be willing to suffer. Two Englishmen saw a distant swimmer in the Thames. One was sure the swimmer was a Quaker—because he was swimming upstream.

Friends used to call different types of workers together to decide how to apply Quaker principles to their work. For example, carpenters were discouraged from unnecessary ornamentation.

It was said that Friends, when they could be brought to argue on politics, reasoned on principles, not consequences.

Good ends are not achieved by bad means. If we keep our consciences tender, we may unconsciously influence those around us. A student was embarrassed when I asked her what her father did. He was a high-ranking officer in the Army.

Self-reliance, resourcefulness and imagination should be characteristic of the Quaker. Pacifism opens our eyes to things others do not see. Concerned ingenuity is seen throughout Quaker history. We must see how much we can do in all countries in spite of their governments. We may be justified when we fail as well as when we succeed. Let us not be afraid of where fidelity to principles will lead. We would never arrive if we had to figure out our route in advance. Our responsibility is greater than others, since we have Friendly insight and tradition to live up to.

Man must be heroically good. His actions are often sounder than his theories. The propaganda of the deed is spoken of in a prayer by John Drinkwater:

". . . Knowledge we ask not, knowledge
Thou has lent,
But, Lord, the will, there lies our bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed."

Outline of message, New York Friends Center.

From notes by MARION L. COCKS.

State college students are turning to the Bible to find answers to their problems, according to the observation of one of the group at San Diego. A noon prayer fellowship convenes on a quiet hillside back of the college library each day.

With juvenile crime already more than twenty per cent above last year's level, Americans must clean up democracy at home by rebuilding their religious fiber and restoring their home values, in the view of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Book Reviews

CHORIC INTERLUDES
BY MILDRED JONES KEEFE

Expression Company, Boston, Mass. 1942., 352 pp., $2.75

The use of choral speaking is an interesting and worth-while way to vary a worship program or to furnish variety in an evening of community entertainment. It is effective with all ages from children to adults. A leader who has a pleasant speaking voice and a feeling for tone and expression can well experiment with choric speech.

A participating group of people may be divided by the leader so that responses come from men and from women or if all the group are women, light and strong, heavy voices might be separated. Often children have only a refrain of a repeated line for their part. (In the latter, one copy of verse in the hands of the leader will be sufficient.) Mimeographed copies of the reading may be made for the use of the speakers.

Do not mistake this method with responsive readings in the ordinary sense. While the material used might be the same in choral speaking a greater attempt is made through beauty of tone, perfection of time and emphasis in expression to give not only a more artistic presentation but to assure that the significance in outstanding lines or verses is brought out.

In the book Choric Interludes, a great variety of material is gathered together. The author has in mind different age groups, including those who would like to give religious expression through this act and those who would like a fine type of entertainment in which there may be group participation.

More space is given to the Psalms and Biblical Readings than to any other grouping for special days. Religious patriotic and seasonal poetry are well represented.

As an example of verse to be used with children, *Easter Morning* with its refrain is lovely. It concludes with the verse:

Butterflies and birds and bees
Alter hills and singing trees
Forth is born of things like these
All—on Easter morning.

A Christmas poem loved by children begins:

Solo: Winds through the olive trees
Softly did blow
Round little Bethlehem
All: Long, long ago.

A different type is a Hallow'een bit of verse which begins:

Group 1: "This is the night when the black cats prowl.

Group 2: "This is the night when the black cats yowl.

All: Meow! Me-ow-ow! Pst! Pst!

For young people and adults many of the Psalms are arranged in beautiful form. A fine example is the following:

All: "God is our refuge and strength
A very present help in trouble.
Women: Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.
Men: Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof
All: The Lord of hosts is with us
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

The strong and exultant faith of this refrain as it concludes each section is most effective. Examination of the book as a whole will make you wish to own it.

NELLIE H. MARKLE.

CHILDREN AND THE CHANGING WORLD
BY EDNA M. BAXTER

Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York, rev. ed., 1942.

Two main themes run through this most compact and thoughtful book designed particularly for religious teachers of children. In every chapter again and again and in many applications you meet them—children need first of all, if they are to grow in lovable ways, security and love; and, second, words and moralizing apart from the concrete situation are not only useless but even harmful. If the church or meeting school is to be effective it must be much more related to the home than it has been; if the home expects help from the school it must not make the school do all the teaching. Both have the obligations of offering love and security to their children, and of concrete deliberate teaching that is not mere verbalizing.

Plenty of help is given to the teacher in the shape of suggested projects for teaching, and questions and lists of valuable books and pamphlets for the teacher's study and preparation. Parental obligation is obvious, but Miss Baxter says to others, "When children are insecure they behave in undesirable ways, but leaders must realize the best approach to their problems is to make them feel that they are loved and are a member of a group."

The first two chapters each begins with a swift summary of conditions that confront people bringing up children in a world that grows daily less secure and less like anything that we have known before. Interestingly, at the close of one of these surveys comes the remark that "perhaps the average farm child has the advantage over all other children," an idea that is worked out a little more fully later when good living together is described. Against external insecurity that apparently we can do little to control our great task becomes as Miss Baxter makes clear in many ways, to make our children certain of our unfailing love, and never by way of punishment or would-be guidance give them the feeling that love has been withdrawn or that they do not belong.

The second main theme and one of special interest to teachers is the insistence that moral exhortation apart from the chance at practice and example can be not only useless but harmful. Children are interested in specific situations and they learn best as members of a group. What the group *does* — and that can mean not only their own age group but home and schools together— they tend to do, not what is merely said. Too many adults so taught in their youth, says Miss Baxter, "have been taught names but have no skill in living."

The author's attitude on war and death and what she has to say in her chapter, "Educating for Good Will" will be especially congenial to Friends, and her suggested ways to foster friendship with other people and faith in love, genuinely helpful.

In the chapter on alcohol and temperance education, the second theme reappears in this typical sentence: "The use of moralizing statements and stories needs to give way to a social emphasis and to the more concrete study of situations." And in the last chapter, on children's approach to labor and economics, both themes appear together as in this sentence: "L. P. Jacks has said that it will do no good to say 'God is love' unless people act it out as well." And again the urging that God and God's way are to be sought in the street and neighborhood and not merely in the Bible or in church is particularly congenial to the Friends' emphasis on the equality of times, places and people as habitations of God.

CATHERINE BRUNER.

He may last but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot—creation's blank.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The first woman to hold the office, Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale has been elected president of the Home Missions Council of North America. Home mission boards of twenty-three denominations are represented in the organization.

OUR FRIENDLY FORUM

What readers are thinking on topics of timely interest

DRAFT OF A PASTORAL LETTER

Dear Friend:

In these days of war many of us find that the new occasions teach new duties. To some among us the occasion of this war has taught the need to bow to law, even to law of which we disapprove, law which controls our food and household heat, law which sends some young men into military service, some into Civilian Public Service Camps, some to serve in minor posts in hospitals, and some to continue at home and to work at routine jobs.

To many women among us the occasion of war has brought burdens outside the usual duties at home. It has led others to undertake new duties in work on clothing for foreign sufferers and for others nearer home who need clothing.

To very many of the youth, boys and girls, young men and young women, it has brought heavier burdens at school and at college, has brought temptations to forsake education and to turn to win high pay in industry where they may ignorantly face perils as great as the perils in the army. To those who still continue in school and college we repeat the words of the poet: "They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth."

To all we would say by way of reminder that when this war is ended all the nations of the earth will still be peopled by our fellow men, and, if peace is to abide on earth, all nations must be learning to live by virtue of that life and power that takes away the occasion of all war.

And to take away the occasion of war we must be setting such an example of living together, and of speaking to others, that no clinging to economic privilege will raise a spirit of hate in others; no winning of prestige, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, will arouse gnawing jealousy in others; no show of military or naval force will seem to be overawing those who feel they are struggling against unequal odds; and none will feel they are crushed by tariff walls founded on selfishness, or are wrongfully deprived of an equal opportunity for education or of opportunity for work, or for enjoying God's out-of-doors.

If you seek in all these things to live in the virtue of that life and power that takes away the occasion of all war, happy are you if you do them, however humble your path may seem.

If the path seems uncertain, the present seems dark, and the shadows of the unknown future seem black, still behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and give you peace.

Signed—Clerk of Congregation.

Forwarded by EDWARD THOMAS.

ON THE FOUR FREEDOMS

To the Open Forum Editor:

I noted with special interest the quotation from R. H. Markham in Christian Science Monitor on your editorial page *(Iowa News)* a few days ago. That statement, in part, reads as follows:

"Freedom alone is not the supreme end. Our final goal is the good life or good society. Freedom is a means to that and an element in it, but perfect freedom must be accompanied by restraint. It carries discipline in itself."

I have been wondering if the principle thus stated by Mr. Markham, when applied to "The Four Freedoms," would make them read about like this:

1. Freedom of Speech, of expression: Yes, but only in so far as you do not make a nuisance of yourself, do not infringe on the rights of others or violate the standards of civilized society. Rather you will cheerfully use your freedom constructively, for the benefit of society.

THE TEST OF WORSHIP

2. Freedom of Religion, to worship or not to worship as you deem best: Yes, but remember the test of your worship is whether it makes you a better man, a better citizen, member of society, and ready to extend to others the like privilege.

Otherwise society might feel warranted in asking you either to refrain from your worship or modify its practice.

3. Freedom from Want: Yes, the right to work and to earn and to own a home, property.—BUT NEVER FREEDOM TO WORK INJURY TO ANOTHER WHO CLAIMS THE LIKE FREEDOM THAT YOU DO. Rather you willingly co-operate with others so that all may enjoy these good things.

4. Freedom from Fear: Fear of any or all injuries or wrongs that others—unrestrained—might impose on you. Meanwhile you will so live, so conduct yourself that others will have no fear of you or your actions. Instead you and they will learn to live with increasing good will and mutual trust.

APPLIED TO NATIONS

Now if this may be considered a fair, brief interpretation of The Four Freedoms for personal life and individual relationships in society, would not the same ideas and ideals apply in corresponding measure to nations and to international relationships?

If freedom carries its own discipline for the individual—as Mr. Markham indicates—does it not likewise and as insistently carry discipline for the nation and the nations in their varied relationships?

If this reasoning is correct what a challenge confronts all who would see The Four Freedoms wrought out in the political, economic, social and religious life of the nations of tomorrow, when this terrible war shall have ended. For, as Mr. Markham concluded: "IN THE PERSONAL REALM IT (THIS FREEDOM) MEANS CHARACTER; IN THE WORLD IT IS AN INTERNATIONAL DEMOCRACY."

W. H. WILSON.

Earlham, Ia.

OUR TANK

(Continued from page 76)

ing but wood to make a fire to furnish heat to keep folks warm. With the cord wood that rose behind us on the body of the truck, we had the "body" of "our tank." Cord wood; lengths of birch and maple and occasionally spruce; some balsam or fir, merely a truck load of mountain wood covered with blotches of frozen snow, passing between two banks or ridges tossed up by the snow plow. What is meant by "My Body" and "My Blood?" And the files of broken lives?

Was it the frost that sharpened the profile of those hurrying forms, the truck in labor, the wood, the caterpillar tractor, the dray on the side of the mountain, or was it the cold that made a glorious thing out of "our tank?"

LIQUOR AND THE WAR

What part is liquor playing in this war? I don't know, and I wish I did. Hitler's armies, we are told, are sober. So are Russia's. The Soviet Republic, says Maurice Hindus, in a dispatch from Moscow in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, is practically on a prohibition basis.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES in *Unity*.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

An unusual example of longevity and usefulness is displayed in the lives of four sisters, all Kansas pioneers and all still living. They are Ella Jessup, 86, Mary Sibbitt, 84, Myra Bowles, 83, and Melissa Moore, 81. The first three live in Wichita, Kansas and are members of University Meeting. The last now lives at Central City, Iowa.

These sisters, with a brother Virgil who died several years ago, came with their parents, William and Rosanna Ferguson, from Wilmington, Ohio to south eastern Kansas in 1869. Here, at Timbered Hills, the father built a house of natural stone. A Quaker meeting was soon established in the community. The mother, Rosanna, was recorded as a minister and often spoke here and at other meetings in Kansas.

Later Ella, Mary and Myra worked with the Indians at Quawpaw Mission in eastern Oklahoma under the superintendency of Asa Tuttle and at Wyandotte Mission under Charles Kirk.

Mary Sibbitt has become nationally known as a W.C.T.U. lecturer in the more than fifty years she has been active in that work. She was a much loved "camp mother" at Camp Funston in the first World War and was the originator of the "cooky jar" for soldiers. She is now engaged in sending religious literature to the camps.

* * * *

Milton H. Hadley and his wife Freda, who have been serving as Superintendent and Matron of Whites Manual Labor Institute of Wabash, Indiana, are retiring April 1st. During the past three years their untiring service and honesty of purpose have been most commendable. It is with reluctance that the Board of Trustees accepts their resignation. Their successors have not yet been selected. The Hadleys will be moving to Richmond, Indiana where they will take charge of Quaker Hill. The Board of Trustees and staff members of Whites Institute wish them success in their new field of endeavor.

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Merle Davis brought the message to the Wilmington, Ohio Quarterly Meeting on the 6th of February, 1943, and at Chester Meeting on the 8th gave an illustrated message on our mission work in Africa.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Joseph and Irena Ballard of near Wilmington, Ohio celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on the 7th of February 1943. Their son Donald and family, and daughter Nadine were present. A son Herbert and a daughter Frances were unable to be present. A number of neighbors and friends called to rejoice with them.

* * * *

Charles and Lena Hunnicutt of Wilmington, Ohio quitely celebrated their fiftieth wedding aniversary on the 14th of February 1943.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Traverse City Quarterly Meeting of Friends held 1st Month, 31st, 1943 in Traverse City. The meeting was opened with the reading of the International Sunday school lesson and singing. A short explanation of the lesson was given by the Pastor of the Local Church, after which the Superintendent of the Stewardship Committee, Edith Hartley, gave an illustrated talk on the seven ships: comradeship, fellowship, friendship, worship, partnership, sportsmanship and stewardship. Following this talk, the Quarterly Meeting Superintendent of Christian Education, Hazel Page, gave a short talk, encouraging the use of Friend's literature in our Bible schools. This talk was followed by the Quarterly Meeting Superintendent of Public Morals, Beatrice Carmien, who read the annual report in the Yearly Meeting minutes of Indiana Yearly Meeting. This service was closed at 11:00 and the service for worship was begun. John I. Wright, Pastor of the Long Lake Meeting brought the message, Odessa Christopher, a member of the Long Lake meeting sang "Ivory Palaces." Rev. Simons, a retired Methodist preacher, was a visitor among us and offered the closing prayer.

Lunch was served at the noon hour in the church parlors to a large number of Friends and friends of the meeting. This was followed by the meeting on Ministry and Oversight at 1:15. This meeting requested that a letter be written to the City Commission of Traverse City and to the County Board of Supervisors, urging earlier closing hours of all places selling intoxicating liquors; and a recommendation that the City's curfew ordinance be enforced so as to keep young children, boys and girls off the streets after a certain hour. Later in the Quarterly Meeting a lively discussion arose in which all came to agreement that we should have a sympathetic approach to our men in the Armed Forces, with a feeling of understanding and sympathy for those in our C. P. S. Camps. The meeting then adjourned to meet May 2, 1943 at Long Lake, because of the fact that Easter falls on the last Sunday in April.

* * * *

The Knoxville, Tennessee Meeting has called to its pastorate, Philip Frederick Mayer. He comes to this service educationally well prepared, holding degrees from Ohio Wesleyan and Northwestern. He has had pastoral experience in New England. For a period he represented the Methodist Church in Singapore as a publishing missionary, where he also engaged in Educational work and operated a Methodist book store. Knoxville Friends invite Friends generally when in this city to worship with them at 2100 Washington Avenue.

* * * *

University Friends Church in Wichita has been conducting a number of Sunday evening study and discussion classes on the subject, "A Righteous Basis for a Just and Durable Peace." Directing the discussions were Dr. Arthur J. Mekeel and President W. A. Young, both of Friends University.

* * * *

University Church at Wichita, Kansas has changed the time of its Sunday evening service to a five o'clock vesper hour. Robert E. Cope is pastor.

* * * *

About a year ago a group of older young people from Silsbee Street Meeting, Lynn, Massachusetts, formed an organization which they named The Young Friends' Service Group. The main object of this group was to render service in any possible way. During the year it has sponsored several projects, namely: a load of furniture was sent to C. P. S. camp at Royalston, Massachusetts, and one also to Ashburnham; several boys from Royalston camp spent a Sunday in March with Lynn Friends, being entertained by various members of the group, and were given enough candy to last the camp month; sponsored a First Aid Class in the spring, which was held in the Meeting House; had a weenie roast in the summer; took charge of several dinners served at the Meeting House; held a Regional Youth Conference at the Meeting House Saturday, September 19th, serving a "war time" supper for twenty-five cents; sponsored a Halloween Party for the over-fifteen age group in Sunday school; entertained a group of young people from another Sunday School have helped and taken part in one Sunday service each month

in Immigration Hall, East Boston, where men illegally in the country are detained for various reasons, have also sent many treats of candy, cookies and gifts to these men; at Christmas time a package was sent to nine New England Friends in C. P. S. camps; held a new Year's Eve watch night service for the public, consisting of entertainment given by a violinist, pianist and soloist which was wonderfully received. This was followed by a devotional hour led by Arthur Santmier, closing at the stroke of twelve, after which a buffet lunch was served by the men of the group; a large box of winter clothing was also sent to the Catholic C. P. S. camp at Warner, New Hampshire. There are many of the group subscribing to THE AMERICAN FRIEND who had not done so before. Several cots have been purchased and stored in the Meeting House for use in times of emergency. Thus ends the first year of the young Friends' Service Group's endeavor to be of service to their fellowman, and we trust that in the coming year they may many times increase their first year's accomplishments.

* * * *

The Friends at Spencerville, Ohio, surrounded by a large number of guests, including visiting ministers and the Yearly Meeting Executive Secretary, rededicated their Meeting House Sunday afternoon, February 7th. Harry M. Kreider, pastor of South Marion, Indiana, Meeting brought the dedicatory message and had charge of the solicitation of funds for the liquidation of the remaining expense of the rebuilding. Of the total expense, of nearly four thousand dollars, all had, by the close of the meeting, been pledged but about one hundred dollars.

The interior of the meeting house has been entirely rearranged and now presents a modern, atractive and pleasing meeting place with good acoustic qualities. A large basement has been included in the plans and a new furnace with a blower equipment installed. A good system of concrete walks has been laid. The exterior of the house is yet to be painted and the grading of the lot finished. Spencerville Friends are now equipped to continue the splendid work they have been doing. William Abrams is the present pastor.

A man's vanity tells him what is honor, a man's conscience what is justice.—LANDOR.

Knowledge is power, but like power, it must be hitched to something to be effective.

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

LINDLEY J. COOK — Pastor of the Forest Avenue and Oak Street Meetings of Friends in Portland, Maine.

WILBUR W. KAMP — Pastor of the Friends Meeting and Congregational Church at North Weare, New Hampshire, in federation.

RALPH A. FELTON — Reporter from Drew Theological Seminary.

DEVERE ALLEN—Well known traveler, author and, with his wife Marie, editor of the *Worldover Press*.

ELAINE EASTMAN — A friend of the Friends and long time student of Indian Problems.

ALBERT VOTAW—Author and member of the Fountain City, Indiana, Meeting.

HENRY CADBURY — A Friend, widely known author, lecturer; now Hollis Professor of Divinity, Harvard University.

STANLEY HAMILTON—Secretary Rural Life Association. Resident Director Quaker Hill, Richmond, Indiana.

HOWARD ELKINGTON — Frequent contributor for THE AMERICAN FRIEND. Now devoting much time to the C.P.S. Camps.

MARRIAGES

CHANCE-HILL — In Wichita, Kansas, January 10, 1942, Lois Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hill of Wichita and Homer Chance, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Chance of Wichita. They are now in California where Mr. Chance is serving in a C. P. S. camp.

GEISE - PUBLOW — At the Carthage, Indiana, Friends Parsonage. Mattie B. Publow and Cleve Geise, January 2, 1943. Orval Dillon officiating.

MORRIS-KENNARD — At the Carthage, Indiana Friends Parsonage, February 8, 1943, Rebecca Kennard and Frank Morris. Orval Dillon officiating.

BIRTHS

DEXTER—To Walter F. and Lucy Lee Dexter Junior on December 19, 1942 a son, Walter III. They are now living in San Bernardino, California at 1299 Perris Hill Road.

MCKINLEY — To William and Lois Hiestand McKinley, a son, Brunson, February 8, 1943, at Miami, Florida.

PROBASCO—To Lewis and Betty McKinney Probasco on October 5, at Zenia, Ohio, a son, David Lewis.

SIFFERLEN—To Albert J. and Marion Hill Sifferlen, on January 28th, at Lawrence General Hospital, a son, Allan.

DEATHS

BRADBURN — Louisa Bradburn, age ninety-eight years and four months, possibly Rush county's oldest resident, February 7, 1943, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Clevidence, where she had made her home for many years. The deceased was born October 6, 1944. She was married December 20, 1869 to Isaac Bradburn, who preceded her in death many years ago. She was a member of the Friends church here. Surviving her are three sons, Thomas of near Centerville; Harvey of near Rushville and L. G. Bradburn, of Carthage; two daughters, Mrs. Allie Burton of near Knightstown and Mrs. Fannie Clevidence of Carthage. Services conducted by Murray S. Kenworthy assisted by Orval Dillon and Frank Jones.

COMPTON — At his home near New Burlington, Ohio, February 6th, 1943, in his 76th year. He is survived by his widow and two daughters. Funeral services were held at New Burlington. A number of people participated in the service. He was a life long and faithful Friend.

CHARLES—Harry L. Charles on December 31, 1942 at his home in Wichita, Kansas, in his fifty-second year. He was a member of University Friends Church and a graduate of Friends University. During the World War he was a conscientious objector at Camp Travis and later served in France under the American Friends Service Committee. He had been a teacher, but at the time of his death was in the editorial department of the Wichita Eagle. Surviving are the widow and two children.

CHIDLOW—Mrs. Ann Ward Chidlow, widow of John A. Chidlow, February 1st, at the family home, 97 Sunset Avenue, Lawrence, Massachusetts. She is survived by three brothers, Henry of Lawrence, Herbert of New Bedford, Massachuestts, and George Ward of Westerly, Rhode Island. She was a member of Lawrence Friends Meeting. Funeral services were conducted by John Harvey.

COMMONS — Emma Commons at her home in Tangier, Indiana, aged eighty-two years. She was a widow of David Commons, a Friends minister of Kansas and Western Yearly Meetings. Funeral at Tangier with Alda Rees, pastor in charge.

HARVEY—James W. Harvey on January 2, 1943 at Indianapolis, Indiana.

HINSHAW — Ida Bushong Hinshaw a member of Greenleaf Monthly Meeting, died October 7th. In 1908 with her husband and family she came to the Quaker community known as Greenleaf. From childhood she was a person of deep spiritual aspects. She put herself actively into the uplifting influence of her community. She spent three years as a member of Greenleaf Academy Board, about six years as president of the Women's Foreign Missionary society and a great many years as a member of the Ministry and Oversight body. Her husband, Miles C. Hinshaw, two sons Ezra B. and H. Corwin and one daughter, Lolita Gundry, survive her.

HUFF — Pearl Huff on January 26, 1943 at Indianapolis, Indiana.

JONES — On January 26, 1943, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, Lindsey S. Jones, nearly ninety-one years of age. For more than half a century he had been an active member of Boston Monthly Meeting of Friends, and his interest and loyalty to the Meeting continued during the failing health of his last years.

PINKHAM—Clarence Irving Pinkham on February 6, 1943 in Dover, New Hampshire. For many years he was a loyal member of Dover Monthly Meeting. Funeral services were held Febru-

REVISION OF CURRICULUM

To place new emphases in the learning of secondary school boys and girls, adjustments have been made in the George School curriculums. Beginning with the Second Class (10th grade) all students will be members of sequence divisions.

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ary 8th, conducted by James A. Coney, assisted by Russell Brooks, pastor of the Gonic Meeting.

TOMLINSON — Asher K. Tomlinson, sixth child of Noah and Abigail Tomlinson, on February 9th at Mishawaka, Indiana, while spending the winter with his only child, Morris N. Of eight children his brother Finley, Pendleton, Indiana, is now the only one living. He has been active in Friends meetings for sixty years, serving long on the Permanent Board of Western Yearly Meeting, as an elder of Chester Meeting, and in other appointments, in all of which he served faithfully. He was an earnest advocate of prohibition and morality in home and state. When Chester Meeting was laid down he was transferred to Westfield, Meeting in which his Christian service continued as strength permitted. Services at Westfield were conducted by his pastor, Albert L. Copeland. Burial was at Chester beside his wife, Lydia who was a minister for many years.

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Friends Memorial Church, Fulton Street at Channing Way. Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Evening service, 7:45. Gorman Y. Doubleday, minister. Phone Thornwall 5370.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Lafayette Avenue Meeting: Cor. Lafayette and Washington Avenues. Take Crosstown Independent Subway Train "GG" from Hoyt-Schermerhorn Station, downtown Brooklyn to Clinton-Washington Station. Meeting School, 10:00 a. m.; Divine Worship, 11:00 a. m.; Mid-Week Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Robert M. Jones, Minister. Phone MAin 2-8627.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Chicago Monthly Meeting, 110th Street and Longwood Drive. Bible School 10:30, Meeting 11:30. Rock Island Suburban Line to 111th Street. Halsted streetcar—"111th Sacramento," get off at Longwood Drive. Russell E. Rees, Minister, 2208 West 111th Street. Phone Cedarcrest 2715.

Evanston Meeting, Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks nort hof Main Street. Bible School at ten; Meeting for Worship, eleven. Anne Willis, 1566 Oak Ave., Evanston, Illinois.

57th Street Meeting, 1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship, 10:45; Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. E. Howard Marshall, 7131 S. Eberhart Avenue, Chicago. Phone Radcliffe, 1135. Alice B. Flitcraft, 513 Keystone Avenue, River Forest, Ill. Phone Forest 2824.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donahue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Burton S. W. Hill, 2803 Bellevue Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DENVER, COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St., Worship 11 a. m., Church School 9:45 a. m., Norman E. Young, Minister, 4146 Irving St. Tel. Gr. 4741.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to Dr. Bruce Douglas, 18066 Warrington Drive, Detroit, Michigan.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

First Friends Church, 13th at Alabama Street. Church School, 9:30 a. m. Meeting for Worship, 10:45 a. m. Herbert Huffman, Minister. RIley 5224, Office Telephone.

The American Friend

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Friends Church, 1st Avenue South at 14th Street. Bible School at 10 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 11 a. m. Pastor, Wendell Hansen, 111 W. 45th Street. Telephone Pleasant 2960.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

United Meetings for Worship of Twentieth Street Meeting and Fifteenth Street Meeting. From October through April at Friends Meeting House, 221 East 15th Street, First Day at 11:00 a. m. Visitors welcome.

ROSEVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Citrus Heights Friends Church, Old Auburn Blvd., one-fourth mile off Highway 99 E between Sacramento and Roseville. Morning Sunday School at 10:00, Worship at 11:00. Evening Service, 7:30 T. Eugene Coffin, Minister. Phone Roseville, 356-F-11.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Meeting, 23rd and East Spruce. Bible School, 10:00. Meeting for Worship, 11:00. Edward Wagenknecht, Minister. Phone Ev. 0649.

University Friends Meeting, 3959 15th Ave., N. E., Phone Melrose 7450. Religious discussion, 10:00 a. m. Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

St. Petersburg, Florida, Friends Meeting. First Day, 11 a.m.; 130 Nineteenth Ave., S.E.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11 o'clock. First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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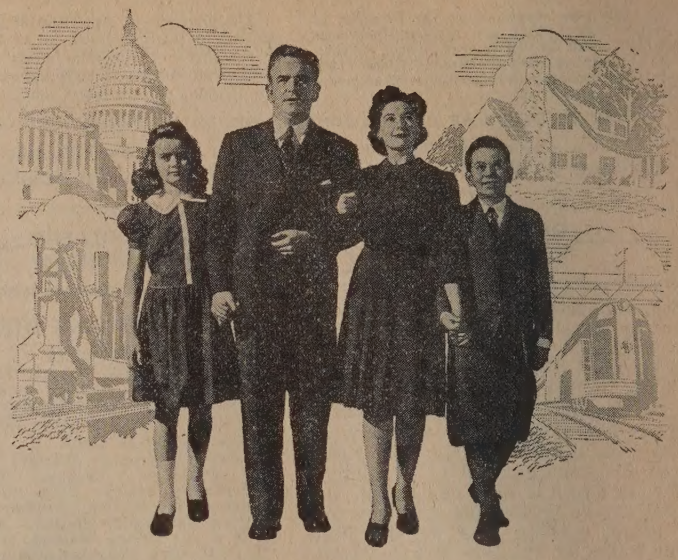

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78th ANNUAL STATEMENT

ASSETS

U. S. Government securities	$ 98,033,273.00
Other bonds	185,029,883.00
Mortgages on real estate	63,033,879.48
Stocks	3,974,375.00
Loans on policies	29,974,777.23
Real estate	26,380,440.58
Cash in banks and offices	3,585,606.03
Accrued interest	3,615,516.51
Overdue interest	491,522.90
Deferred and uncollected net premiums, etc.	5,540,470.04
Total admitted assets	$419,659,743.77

LIABILITIES

Reserves for policies and supplementary contracts	$378,030,769.91
Dividends left with company	8,366,787.80
Dividends set aside for distribution in 1943	3,610,000.00
Premiums paid in advance	3,569,627.15
Policy claims	1,516,687.57
Estimated taxes accrued, payable in 1943	954,648.00
Miscellaneous liabilities	428,313.85
Total of foregoing liabilities	$396,476,834.28
Contingency reserves	23,182,909.49
Total, equaling the assets	$419,659,743.77

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